

Tells a Story of Awful Suffering and Wonderful Relief.



Mrs. J. D. Johnson, of 603 West Hickman St., Columbia, Mo., says: "Following an operation two years ago, dropsy set in, and my left side was so swollen the doctor said he would have to tap out the water. There was constant pain and a gurgling sensation around my heart, and I could not raise my arm above my head. The kidney action was disordered and passages of the secretions too frequent. On the advice of my husband I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Since using two boxes my trouble has not reappeared. This is wonderful, after suffering two years."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## GONE FOREVER.

Ten years ago a farmer put his initials on a dollar bill. The next day he went to the nearest town and spent it with a merchant. Before the year was out he got the dollar back. Four times in six years the dollar came back to him for produce and three times he heard of it in the pocket of his neighbors.

The last time he got it back four years ago. He sent it to a mail order house. He never has seen that dollar since, and never will. That dollar bill will never pay any more school or road tax for him, will never build or brighten any of the homes of the community. He sent it entirely out of the circle of usefulness to himself and his neighbors.

Patronize your local merchant who helps you to pay your taxes, support your schools and churches, and lends a helping hand in times of sickness and trouble.

## Little One's Prayer.

Mary always gets a little piece of candy every day to keep her from being naughty. One day she was naughty, and she did not get her candy. That night when she was going to bed she said her prayers as follows: "Our Father, who art in heaven, please give me my daily candy."

The Rev. W. Arthur Noble of Corea has one of the largest districts in Methodism. Recently he walked 300 miles, the church in one section of his district being near enough for him to do this.

## WEIGHT AND HEALTH

THIN, NERVOUS PEOPLE NEED THE TONIC TREATMENT.

This Woman Took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Gained Thirty Pounds and Has Been Well Ever Since.

How many women—and men too—are suffering from a general decline in health which the ordinary remedies seem unable to check? How many husbands see their wives wasting away, steadily losing health and beauty, and are powerless to help? Consumption and other germ diseases find in these debilitated systems easy prey, for the lowered vitality is unequal to the task of fighting off the infection of these diseases to which most of us are almost daily exposed.

The symptoms indicating the decline which may have results so fatal, could scarcely be better described than in the statement of Mrs. William Manley, of 22 Court street, Utica, N. Y. Her case is a typical one. She says:

"For six months after the birth of my baby, I suffered from sick, dizzy headaches, which seemed like a rush of blood to my forehead, just back of my eyes. Some days they twitched so I could hardly see and black spots floated before them. The least exertion brought on this sickness. My appetite was poor and I was often sick to my stomach.

"If I tried to work my feet soon became swollen, paining me terribly. I had sinking spells and grew pale and nervous. I was so thin that I weighed only 95 pounds.

"One day when at the drug store to get headache powders I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills instead. I soon noticed that my headache was disappearing and my nerves gradually grew stronger. The pills gave me a hearty appetite and I now weigh over 120 pounds. I believe the pills to be the best tonic and builder a woman can take, as they certainly helped me when my condition was critical and I have never been seriously ill since."

The great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills lies in the fact that they actually make new blood and this carries health and strength to every portion of the body. The stomach is toned up, the nerves are strengthened, every organ is stimulated to do its work.

If you are ill and the treatment you are taking does not cure you, write for proof of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done in similar cases.

Your druggist sells them or they will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

## SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Dizziness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

# THE LIONS OF THE LORD

A TALE OF THE OLD WEST  
BY HARRY LEON WILSON  
AUTHOR OF THE SPENDERS  
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## CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

It broke the spell of awe that had lain upon him, so that he felt for the moment only a pious horror of her speech. He called Christina to take charge of her, and Martha, the second wife, to put away her little bundle of clothing. He himself went to be alone where he could think what must be done for her. From an entry in the little Bible, written in letters that seemed to shout to him the accusation of his crime, he had found that she must now be five years old. It was plainly time that he should begin to supply her very apparent need of religious instruction.

When she had become a little used to her surroundings later in the day, he sought to beguile her to this end, beginning diplomatically with other matters.

"Come, tell me your name, dear." She allowed her attention to be diverted from her largest doll.

"My name is Prudence—" She hesitated.

"Prudence—what?"

"I lost my mind of it." She looked at him hopefully to be prompted.

"Prudence Rae?"

She repeated the name, doubtfully.

"Prudence Rae?"

"Yes—remember now—Prudence Rae. You are my little girl—Prudence Rae."

"But you're not my really papa—he's went far off—oh, ten ninety miles far!"

"No, Prudence—God is your Father in heaven, and I am your father on earth—"

"But not my papa?"

"Listen, Prudence—do you know what you are?"

The puzzled look she had worn fled instantly from her face.

"I'm a generation of vipers."

She made the announcement with a palpable ring of elation in her tones, looking at him proudly, and as if waiting to hear expressions of astonishment and delight.

"Child, child, who has told you such things? You are not that!"

She retorted, indignantly now, the lines drawing about her eyes in signal of near-by tears:

"I am a generation of vipers—the Bishop said I was—he told that other mamma, and I am it!"

"Well, well, don't cry—all right—you shall be it—but I can tell you something much nicer." He assumed a knowing air, as one who withheld knowledge of overwhelming fascinations.

"Tell me—what?"

And so, little by little, hardly knowing where to begin, but feeling that any light whatsoever must profit a soul so benighted, he began to teach her.

In the days that followed he wooed her patiently, seeking constantly to find some favor with her, and grateful beyond words when he succeeded ever so little. At first, he could win but slight notice of any sort from her, and that only at rare and uncertain intervals. But gradually his unobtrusive efforts told, and, little by little, she began to take him into her confidence. The first day she invited him to play with her in one of her games was a day of rejoicing for him.

And that night, before her bedtime, when he sat in front of the fire, she came with a most matter-of-fact unconsciousness to climb into his lap.

He held her a long time, trying to breathe gently and not daring to move lest he make her uncomfortable. Her head pillowed on his arm, she was soon asleep, and he refused to give her up when Martha came to put her to bed.

Though their intimacy grew during the winter, so that she called him her father and came confidently to him at all times, in tears or in laughter, yet he never ceased to feel in aloofness from her, an awkwardness in her presence, a fear that the mother who looked from her eyes might at any moment call to him.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

How the Red Came Back to the Blood to Be a Snare.

The red was coming back to the blood of Martha, the fair flesh to her meager frame, the spring of youth to her step and living fire to her voice and the glance of her eyes. Her husband was pleased. He had made a new creature of the poor, worn wreck found by the wayside, weak, emaciated, reeling under her burden.

He rejoiced to know he had done a true service. He was glad, moreover, to know that she made an admirable mother to the little woman-child.

Prudence, indeed, had brought them closer to each other, slowly, subtly, in little ways to disarm the most timid caution.

And this mothering and fathering of little Prudence was a work by no means colorless or uneventful. The child had displayed a grievous capacity for remaining unimpressed by even the best-weighted opinions of her protector. She was also appallingly fluent in and partial to the idioms and meta-

phors of revealed religion, a circumstance that would not infrequently cause the sensitive to shudder.

Yet her days were by no means all of reproof nor was her reproof ever harsher than the more or less pointed selections from the moral verses could inflict. Under the watchful care of Martha she flourished and was happy. Her mother in little, a laughing whirlwind of tender flesh, tireless feet, dancing eyes, hair of sunlight that was darkening as she grew older, and a mind that seemed to him she called father a miracle of unfoldment. It was a mind not so quickly receptive as he could have wished to the learning he tried patiently to impart; for she would refuse to study unless she could have the doll she called Bishop Wright with her and pretend that she taught the lesson to him, finding him always stupid and loth to learn. He hoped for better things from her mind as she aged, watching anxiously for the budgings of reason and religion, praying daily that she should be increased in wisdom as in stature. He had become so used to the look of her mother in her face that

phors of revealed religion, a circumstance that would not infrequently cause the sensitive to shudder.



She Was Waiting, Silent, But with Eyes That Told More Than He Dared to Hear.

It now and then gave him an instant of unspeakable joy. But the sound of his own voice calling her "Prudence" would shock him from this as with an icy blast of truth.

As he observed her day by day in her joyous growth, it was inevitable that he came more and more to observe the woman who was caring for her, and it was thus on one night in late summer that he awoke to an awful truth—a truth that brought back the words of the woman's former husband with a new meaning.

He had heard Prudence say to her, "You are a pretty mamma," and suddenly there came rushing upon him the sum of all the impressions his eyes had taken of her since that day when the Bishop had spoken. He trembled and became weak under the assault, feeling that in some insidious way his strength had been undermined. He went out into the early evening to be alone, but she, presently, having put the child to bed, came and stood near, silently in the doorway.

He looked and saw she was indeed made new, restored to the luster and fullness of her young womanhood. He remembered then that she had long been silent when he came near her, plainly conscious of his presence but with an apparent constraint, and something almost tentative in her manner. With her return to health and comeliness there had come back to her a thousand little graces of dress and manner and speech. She drew him, with his starved love of beauty and his need of companionship; drew him with a mighty power, and he knew it at last. He remembered how he had felt and faintly thrilled under a certain soft suppression in her tones when she had spoken to him of late; this had drawn him, and the new light in her eyes and her whole freshened womanhood, even before he knew it. Now that he did know it he felt himself shaken and all but lost; clutching weakly at some support that threatened every moment to give way.

And she was his wife, his who had

starved year after year for the light touch of a woman's hand and the tones of her voice that should be for him alone. He knew now that he had ached and sickened in his yearning for this, and she stood there for him in the soft night. He knew she was waiting, and he knew he desired above all things else to go to her; that the comfort of her, his to take, would give him new life, new desires, new powers; that with her he would revive as she had done. He waited long, indulging freely in hesitation, bathing his wearied soul in her nearness—yielding in fancy.

Then he walked off into the night, down through the village, past the light of open doors, and through the voices that sounded from them, out on to the bare bench of the mountain—his old refuge in temptation—where he could be safe from submitting to what his soul had forbidden. He had meant to take up a cross, but before his very eyes it had changed to be a snare set for him by the Devil.

He stayed late on the ground in the darkness, winning the battle for himself over and over, decisively, he thought, at last. But when he went home she was there in the doorway to meet him, still silent, but with eyes that told more than he dared to hear. He thought she had in some way divined his struggle, and was waiting to strengthen the odds against him, with her face in the light of a candle she held above her head.

He went by her without speaking, afraid of his weakness, and rushed to his little cell-like room to fight the battle over. As a last source of strength he took from his hiding place the little Bible. And as it fell open naturally at the blood-washed page a new thing came, a new torture. No sooner had his eyes fallen on the stain that it seemed to him to cry out of itself, so that he started back from it. He shut the book and the cries were stilled; he opened it and again he heard them—far, loud cries and low

first time since they had been married—on the forehead.

Christina would now be left alone with the cares of the house, and he knew he ought to have come one to help her. The fever of sacrifice was also upon him. And so he found another derelict, to whom he was sealed forever.

At a time of more calmness he might have balked at this one. She was a cross, to be sure, and it was now his part in life to bear crosses. But there were plenty of these, and even one vowed to a life of sacrifice, he suspected, need not grossly abuse the powers of discrimination with which Heaven had seen fit to endow him. But he had lately been on the verge of a seething maelstrom, balancing there with unholo desire and wickedly looking far down, and the need to atone for this sin excited him to indiscretions.

It was not that this star in his crown was in her late thirties and less than lovely. He had learned, indeed, that in the game which, for the chastening of his soul, he now played with the Devil, it were best to choose stars whose charms could excite to little but conduct of a saintlike seemliness. The fat, dumpy figure of this woman, therefore, and her round, flat, moon-like face, her mouse-colored wisps of hair cut squarely off at the back of her neck, were points of a merit that was in its whole effect nothing less than distinguished.

But she talked. Her tones played with the constancy of an ever-living fountain. Artlessly she lost herself in the sound of their music, until she also lost her sense of proportion, of light and shade, of simple, Christian charity. Her name was Lorena Sears, and she had come in with one of the late trains of converts, without friends, relatives, or means, with nothing but her natural gifts and an abiding faith in the saving powers of the new dispensation. And though she was so alive in her faith, rarely informed in the Scriptures, bubbling with enthusiasm for the new covenant, the new Zion, and the second coming of the Messiah, there had seemed to be no place for her. She had not been asked in marriage, nor had she found it easy to secure work to support herself.

"She's strong," said Brigham, to his inquiring Elder, "and a good worker, but even Brother Heber Kimball wouldn't marry her; and between you and me, Brother Joel, I never knew Heber to shy before at anything that would work. You can see that, yourself, by looking over his household."

But, after the needless preliminaries, and a very little coy hesitation on the part of the lady, Lorena Sears, spinster, native of Elyria, Ohio, was duly sealed to, for time and eternity, and became a star forever in the crown of Joel Rae, Elder after the Order of Melchisedek in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and President of the Amalson Stake of Zion.

In the bustle of the start south there were, of necessity, moments in which the crown's new star could not talk; but these blessed respites were at an end when at last they came to the open road.

At first, as her speech flowed on, he looked sidelong at her, in a trouble of fear and wonder; then, at length, absently, trying to put his mind elsewhere and to leave her voice as the muted murmur of a distant torrent. He succeeded fairly well in this, for Lorena combined admirably in herself the parts of speaker and listener, and was not, he thankfully noted, watchful of his attention.

He was called back by the stopping of her voice, but she had to repeat her question before he understood it. The Devil tempted him in that moment. He was on the point of answering, "Because she talked too much," but instead he climbed out of the wagon to walk. He walked most of the 300 miles in the next ten days.

But he had taken up a new cross and he had his reward. The first night after they reached home he took the little Bible from its hiding place and opened it with trembling hands. The stain was there, red in the candle-light. But the cries no longer rang in his ears as on that other night when he had been sinful before the page. And he was glad, knowing that the self within him had again been put down.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

The Wild Ram of the Mountains Offers to Become a Savior on Mount Zion.

In the valley of which Amalson was the center, they made ready for the end of the world. It is true that in the north, as the appointed year drew nigh, an opinion had begun to prevail that the Son of Man might defer his coming; and presently it became known that Brigham himself was doubtful about the year 1870, and was inspiring others to doubt. But in Amalson they were untainted by this heresy, choosing to rely upon what Brigham had said in moments more inspired.

He had taught that Joseph was to be the first person resurrected; that after his frame had been knit together and clothed with immortal flesh he would resurrect those who had died in the faith, according to their rank in the priesthood; then all his wives and children. Resurrected Elders, having had the keys of the resurrection conferred upon them by Joseph, their own households; and when the last of the faithful had come forth, another great work would be performed; the Gentiles would then be resurrected to act as servants and slaves to the Saints. In his lighter moments Brigham had been wont to name a couple of Presidents of the United States who would then act as his valets.

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They parted outside the door of the little office, and he kissed her for the

little office, and he kissed her for the

little office, and he kissed her for the

little office, and he kissed her for the

little office, and he kissed her for the

little office, and he kissed her for the

little office, and he kissed her for the

little office, and he kissed her for the

little office, and he kissed her for the

## The Evolution of Household Remedies.

The modern patent medicine business is the natural outgrowth of the old-time household remedies.

In the early history of this country, EVERY FAMILY HAD ITS HOME-MADE MEDICINES. Herb teas, bitters, laxatives and tonics, were to be found in almost every house, compounded by the housewife, sometimes assisted by the apothecary or the family doctor. Such remedies as picra, which was aloes and quassia, dissolved in apple brandy. Sometimes a hop tonic, made of whiskey, hops and bitter barks. A score or more of popular, home-made remedies were thus compounded, the formulae for which were passed along from house to house, sometimes written, sometimes verbally communicated.

The patent medicine business is a natural outgrowth from this wholesome, old-time custom. In the beginning, some enterprising doctor, impressed by the usefulness of one of these home-made remedies, would take it up, improve it in many ways, manufacture it on a large scale, advertise it mainly through almanacs for the home, and thus it would become used over a large area. LATTERLY THE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY BUSINESS TOOK A MORE EXACT AND SCIENTIFIC FORM.

Peruna was originally one of these old-time remedies. It was used by the Mennonites, of Pennsylvania, before it was offered to the public for sale. Dr. Hartman, THE ORIGINAL COMPOUNDER OF PERUNA, is of Mennonite origin. First, he prescribed it for his neighbors and his patients. The sale of it increased, and at last he established a manufactory and furnished it to the general drug trade.

Peruna is useful in a great many climatic ailments, such as coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and catarrhal diseases generally. THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES HAVE LEARNED THE USE OF PERUNA and its value in the treatment of these ailments. They have learned to trust and believe in Dr. Hartman's judgment, and to rely on his remedy, Peruna.

## French Sailors Use Drugs.

The extent to which the narcotic habit prevails in the French navy was illustrated a few days ago by the proceedings of a court-martial at Brest. The defendants were half a dozen seamen of ordinary rating, who were charged with a considerable number of robberies. All the men were victims of opium or the ether habit, or both combined, and were in the habit of benumbing themselves daily with these drugs and the robberies had been committed to gratify their passion. Severe sentences were passed.

## SKIN SORE EIGHT YEARS.

Spent \$300 on Doctors and Remedies but Got No Relief—Cuticura Cures in a Week.

"Upon the limbs and between the toes my skin was rough and sore, and also sore under the arms, and I had to stay at home several times because of this affliction. Up to a week or so ago I had tried many other remedies and several doctors, and spent about three hundred dollars, without any success, but this is to-day the seventh day that I have been using the Cuticura Remedy (costing a dollar and a half), which have cured me completely, so that I can again attend to my business. I went to work again tonight. I had been suffering for eight years and have now been cured by the Cuticura Remedies within a week. Fritz Hirschclaff, 24 Columbus Ave., New York, N. Y., March 29 and April 6, 1906."

It's usually the man who has something to say who doesn't say it.



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